The Commonweal

April 13, 1951

ONE-MAN RESISTANCE

The Case of Hermann Flade

NORBERT MUHLEN

A NEW ECONOMICS

The Third Way

WILLIAM F. KENNEDY

The Exterior Life

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Volume LIV **15c** *Number 1*

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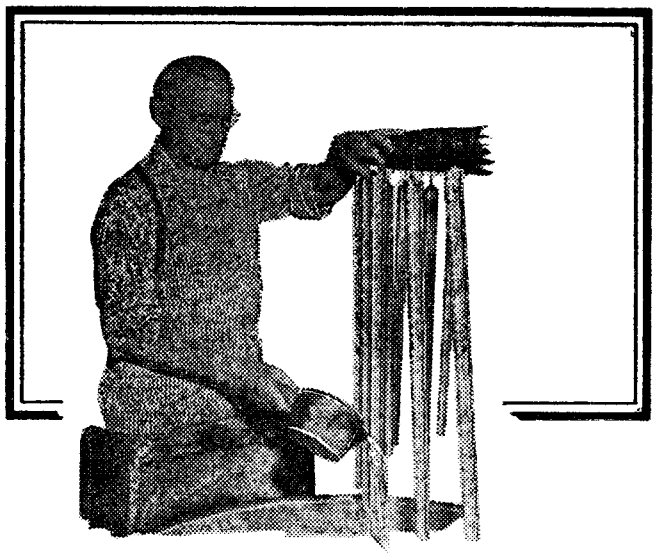

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted, 1951, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

State of the Union

A LITTLE like an electric storm on a black night, the investigations of the Kefauver Crime Committee have illuminated the dark doings of the nation's underworld with spectacular flashes of light interspersed with occasional thunder-claps of moral indignation. In the sudden glare of investigation the nation at large has had a close look at the nocturnal operations going on all around and, by reflection, the nation has also had a fairly close look at the state of its own soul.

Senator Tobey, for one, was distressed by what he saw and heard and, with something of the air of an evangelist, he called for "a righteous and a new America"; "before God," he exclaimed, "it is high time!" The advertising industry thought so too. One of its leading agencies issued a full-page cry in the New York *Times* posing the question of the hour: "what's happened," the agency wanted to know, "to public and private standards of morality?" The really frightening thing, Senator Fulbright thought, was that too many Americans met this question with an attitude of "moral callousness," a disease rendering them more and more indifferent and morally impotent. And, said the Senator, "I wonder if we have not unwittingly come to accept the totalitarian concept that the end justifies the means, a concept which is fundamentally and completely antagonistic to a true democratic society." Had not Arnold Toynbee "demonstrated clearly [that] the vast majority of great civilizations have been destroyed, not as a result of external aggression, but as a consequence of domestic corruption?"

Along with these symptoms of general uneasiness and moral callousness, there seemed to be throughout the country a vague feeling that as a nation, as a people, we were losing something, something intangible and hard to define, some quality of spirit that made all the difference between a healthy and a sick society, between honorable and dishonorable men, between life and death.

"I confess," said Senator Fulbright, "that I do not know what should be done." But the Senator was sure that he was not giving up on the democratic way of life; he asked that a commission be appointed whose task would be to suggest ways and means of restoring "the faith of our people in the validity of the traditional precepts of our democratic society." There were other suggestions of a similar nature proposing the reform of institutions and political practices, but by and large the majority of the people, as much as Senator Fulbright, were at a loss to know exactly what to do. They had, on the whole, only a dim conviction that somewhere along the line of moral retrogression the religious vitality of their nation had begun to fade away, and they had an idea that this decline of religious life and practice would have to be arrested before the downhill trend of moral deterioration could itself be arrested. There was a widespread impression that Senator Tobey was right, that what the country needed was a religious revival, a crusading moral rearmament.

HOWEVER well meant it is, this talk of a religious crusade is somehow or other embarrassing and discomforting. It sounds as though we have suddenly decided that what the American body politic needs at this particular moment in history is an injection of religion, the moral hormone, and once this is administered, the glow of life will be restored to a dismayed and decaying society. Rather subtly we seem to be running the danger of completely reversing the order of values, of turning eternity into the service of time, of drawing the transcendental into the service of the temporal, and all the while forgetting that it is we ourselves who must first be drawn into the life of the transcendental. We

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seem to be running the risk of deceiving ourselves into believing that the sun shines not so much to give light and life as to give the human race a healthy coat of tan.

The truth is, of course, that whenever religion is employed like this as an instrument of social conditioning and control, it undergoes a change in our hands, a change that is destructive of its inner, transcendental character and it loses, in fact, the true character of a religion. We are left, then, with a paradox: whenever we try to turn religion into a social remedy, the remedy itself vanishes and slips through our fingers.

Religious truth is indeed the principle of moral vitality in a civilization and there is a most profound need for its direct penetration of the social order; of that we may at least be more convinced now than we were before. But we ought to know that this penetration can take effect only after first things have been placed first.

Perhaps the thing for us to do now is to leave the drums and bugles of moral rearmament in the corner where they lie and try instead, quite simply, to absorb the meaning of the experiences we have had in the last few weeks. Perhaps there is nothing for us as a nation but to learn through direct experience the hard realities of our predicament, so that we may understand, in all its tragedy, what several years ago the social historian told us of our culture: "This is the greatness and misery of modern civilization—that it has conquered the world by losing its own soul, and that when its soul is lost it must lose the world as well."

Until recently we would have been inclined to shrug off those words as the pronouncement of a dour and pessimistic prophet who had yet to appreciate the thrilling and inevitable progress of a mechanistic civilization. Today we may not be quite so hasty and smug about dismissing this evaluation of our own brand of materialism, and if we are not, if we are ready to think hard and honestly about where we stand and how we got there, then it may be that we will have derived value enough from the Kefauver findings. Never before in recent years, it would seem, has the country been caught in such a worried frame of mind over the condition of its own soul, and that, at least, may be an indication that as a nation we have gained that painful and priceless knowledge in which there is the beginning of wisdom.

• NEXT WEEK •

ROBERT BARRAT explains why neutralism is gaining ground in France and throughout Western Europe.

He cites the hesitancy of the French people to adopt a form of society on the American model—due to their anxiety about such things as the predominance of big business, the free play which they believe capitalism and technocracy enjoy here, and the standardization of life resulting from mass production. He also reports on the way the Korean War has affected French public opinion.

Cease Fire?

ALTHOUGH all along the chief American concern has been to concentrate on the defenses of Europe, there have been solid reasons for the UN's prosecuting the war in Korea. Foremost of these is the principle of collective security. In conjunction with this went the defense of the Korean people. When the Chinese Communists intervened as an organized force in November and began to sustain heavy casualties, there was an added reason. Korean losses and demands hindered their projected descent on Southeast Asia. In the United States the Korean War brought on acceptance of a partial mobilization needed for defense against the Soviet colossus.

How do these reasons for the war appear today as UN forces once again reach and penetrate the 38th parallel? The punishment which both Chinese Communists and North Koreans have taken has amply vindicated the principle of collective security. The Koreans themselves have little to gain from the protraction of the war. In fact continuation of hostilities holds back the task of civilian rehabilitation, an operation which will require at least $400,000,000 even without further devastation.

Defense of French Indo-China and the vital area to which it is the key does not depend on forestalling Chinese intervention alone. For it is only in conjunction with projected independence and whole-hearted native participation against invasion from the north that the area can be defended from the Communists. Anti-French feeling in Indo-China is what deprives that land of any substantial basis for self-defense.

There remains the connection between keeping up the war and public support for a mobilization. Indeed our defense chiefs are expressing

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the keenest anxiety over deepening public lethargy just as the most crucial months are reached. Yet has the nation reached a point where adequate mobilization—with the restrictions it imposes—cannot go forward without a continuing toll of American lives?

The advantages of a negotiated settlement over a solution somehow imposed by our military force would seem to be overwhelming. Mao appears determined on one last grand assault upon UN lines. If that should be repulsed in the manner expected, the United States and the UN must make the most of the opportunity to talk terms.

After the Show Is Over

WHAT is to follow the rude blow to public morale delivered by the disclosures of the Fulbright and Kefauver Committees? Loss of confidence in local and national officials could result in a large overturn in personnel by 1952; these revelations about special favors and close tie-ins with crime on the part of our representatives could also result in little more than a shrugging of shoulders—a new surge in cynicism about men in public office. If this were to be the end product, perhaps it would have been preferable to permit such unsavory operations to continue under the conspiracy of silence.

One thing differentiates the Fulbright and Kefauver disclosures from the familiar American pattern of digging up scandals about incumbents with a view to "throwing the rascals out" at the next election: both men appear to be spurred on more by personal than by party considerations. Senator Fulbright's hearings concentrated on favors proffered or enjoyed by men and women in his own party. Senator Kefauver, investigating the criminal connections of local officials in a number of cities, descended upon Democrat and Republican alike.

If an answer is unlikely simply from periodic changes of party, locally and nationally, an aroused civic conscience about candidates for office could provide a large part of that answer. The voter can demand to know a lot more about the candidates who are presented for his choice at primary and election times. The device of local and regional non-partisan committees to give just such information and make recommendations could be greatly developed and expanded. And then when a representative is in office individual citizens could do a lot more to follow his voting record and give him their own views. Are there indications that Americans as a whole are accepting any of the blame for the conditions the hearings publicized? Are we any more willing than before to assume our share of the individual responsibility on which a successful political democracy is so heavily dependent?

So far the emphasis appears to be in a counter direction. The proclaimed righteousness of Senator Tobey, the shocked tones of the presumably well-informed New York *Times* and the hypocritical and pious declarations of certain spokesmen for American big business are anything but an encouragement to the public to examine its civic conscience. The same goes for the solace which the *Christian Science Monitor* finds in comparing the Fulbright findings with Teapot Dome or the scandals of the Grant administration. Particularly since too many of the "witnesses" are still scot-free at their old stands.

But the problem of breaking up the gambling and vice empire is not only one of selecting and advising sound administrative personnel. Within limits unnecessary to enunciate here gambling itself is not evil. One trouble is that many citizens have thought too lightly of betting under auspices which they knew were controlled by racketeers. Too often they have also patronized places of amusement which everyone knew supplied sizable revenues to notorious underworld figures. Perhaps some of these lavish spenders will now think twice. But here again the question as to who is to rouse the citizenry to their civic responsibilities looms large, as does the question of how they are to go about it.

On the Washington terrain Senator Douglas, head of a new subcommittee to make recommendations on ethics in federal government, has a couple of good practical suggestions. He has, for one thing, broached the principle that all private claims and applications to government agencies should be discussed only during business hours and on the premises of said agency. He wants such agencies to have books open to public inspection, with names and fees of business attorneys and representatives specified. He believes that except for the Patent Office—with the limited opportunities for employment in that field—no man in a government agency could take a job within two years of leaving that agency with any company whose applications and claims he has been considering. The trick would be to embody such ideas in enforceable legislation. But whether the disclosures of recent weeks are to result in anything politically constructive hinges mainly on personnel at every level.

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Man Who Came to Lunch

IT MAY be that in Chicago the mighty, soft-spoken cleric said, "Run along, sonny, we already have a diocesan newspaper." But whatever the Church authorities had to say in Chicago, there was a dignitary to receive them in Kansas City, and there they get *The Sun-Herald* to press every night about eleven. There they pray and sing and are kind to each other even though the invoices are blizzarding about them.

There among the gin-mills, fancy ladies and strident furnished rooms of East Twelfth Street they glean the United Press ticker, twisting what may be already twisted, back to their kind of truth.

You knew they had a startling aspect of truth when they wandered into your respectable office months ago—then the name was on your door, the leggy secretary was electric for your voice. These "early Christian" dreamers had with them their printed broadsides, their revolutionary theories, their dire need for an authority to beckon them on. It was a tossup between them and three martinis, and they went on, probably refusing to call you a phoney even though you found it easy to think the phrase "religious crackpots."

And then months later—when there was no longer the name on the office door, no longer the secretary electric to your voice—you passed through Kansas City and were taken to share their bread.

But always the ritual, the consciousness of the lay religious order, as they recite Sext and someone does the spiritual reading while you eat. Maybe they're right, you say, unable to enjoy the good but simple wheat bread, the spaghetti goulash of some kind. Maybe they are the early Christians all over again, as one pale little girl said they were. Maybe they're early and the rest of us are late.

Then, after the meal, back to work, the writing, copy editing, the relentless chatter of the UP ticker defying them to change the world. The paper grows, that is, the magazine, or should one say the paper-magazine? Whatever it is, they get it together and it comes out glib and lively and sometimes profound.

And then the rush to the printers in the big converted hearse. The courageous and indefatigable editor goes home to his family, thinking of them and another morning deadline, another paper-magazine to get out tomorrow—a daily manifesto which says, "The world is sick with secularism. The Pope says so; Suhard says so; *The Catholic Worker* says so; *Integrity* and *Today* say so; we say so."

How can a daily paper say all this? You look at the ascetic face of the young editor, his silvering hair, and you know that even though *they* have a Catholic daily, *we* do not yet have a Catholic daily.

But you can't stand around there thinking about it—you either have to grab a typewriter and work or get the hell out of there and have a few ales. Many of us sit and drink the ale, many of us say their kind of daily paper is impossible.

And then in the morning, if you are really honest about the heroism and the charity of these "early Christians" you may go back there and try to help them figure things out on the typewriter. The man who came to lunch may stay for dinner and breakfast, for some time to come. There are no time-clocks, no interviews, aptitude tests, no overt proselytism—if you can write, you write, if you can't, you go downstairs and read proof, you learn to run a varitype, or lay out a page, or just stand around if you like, and maybe pray or wish them well.

They won't treat you that way at the New York *Times* or the Denver *Register*. There are few magazines and newspapers where the charity of Christ is so compelling that you can honestly feel like a member of the board of directors the moment you decide to stay. All you frustrated editors-in-chief, all you frustrated publishers, authors, public relations men, come to the *Sun-Herald* and become a big shot!

"We don't have big names," one of the editors said, "but then we don't need big names."

"It's hard to say just what the group is like," another editor said, "but all we ask is that you reserve judgment until you really know us."

Well, in this writer's opinion, it doesn't take you long to know them. You can't avoid sensing their dedication, their steadfast application to the job they're trying to do. And yet, to be perfectly honest, you can't avoid the conviction that they'd be equally successful at running an "early Christian" restaurant, bakery, fruit orchard.

That is not to say their paper is not good. It is good—solidly good and highly readable, but in a hybrid sort of way. For instance, it is utterly impossible to accept the idea, in theory or in practice, of a *newspaper* carrying accounts from the most ephemeral wires of a press ticker, and sent to all reaches of the country—where this same news has been reported as much as 24 or 48 hours earlier. On the other hand, the reports from Europe are on a par with the best in our best weekly magazines—this, with the exception of one eloquent gentleman who hoists aloft the tarnished crowns of Europe for American Catholic approval.

Yet it is to be remembered that the "hybridness" of *The Sun-Herald* can and may evolve into a publication thoroughbred which will be a model for other papers yet to come.

Where Christ abounds, plus the indispensable generosity of a good Bishop, laymen are afforded endless and exciting opportunity to work out their common salvation with diligence. Such is the Catholic daily of Kansas City, and such the paper-magazine which regularly hits the streets and the mail boxes while many safe and knowing Catholics in the publishing houses busily cite statistics that prove *The Sun-Herald* doesn't exist.

This may not be it—yet again it may be. Godspeed from the man who came to lunch.

JOE DEVER.

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The Case of Hermann Flade

An eighteen-year-old boy defies the Communist government in Germany.

By NORBERT MUHLEN

EARLY this year, New York's *Daily Mirror* entertained its readers with a story which must have seemed quite amusing to its editors. For several weeks, one of the comic strips featured in that tabloid had presented a new adventure of its hero, Joe Palooka: "the Russians" had caught him and brought him to trial as an alleged American spy, but when the Soviet radio was to broadcast his confession, he shocked his Soviet judges and surprised his Russian audience by a somewhat illiterate, yet highly patriotic speech in praise of America.

What struck the *Mirror's* editor as so hilarious was the fact that, only a few days after the strip had been depicting Joe Palooka's heroic encounter with Soviet justice, a very similar scene had actually happened in Communist-controlled East Germany. Without the coincidence of "funnies" and real life, the tabloid might not have devoted a single line to the news item from East Germany; but cheering the "scoop" of its comic strip, and using it as a publicity stunt, it gave a big play on its second page to the report of the Communist courtroom scene.

In the following days, the more serious dailies, which in general are remarkably uninterested in and silent about tyranny and resistance in the Soviet sphere, were compelled to report the case of a young German whose outcry for freedom could neither be choked nor forged by the Soviet power until it was heard throughout the zone of silence. Thus a vulgar strip "angle" and a few garbled foreign dispatches remained all the American public learned of the story of Hermann Joseph Flade.

★

FLADE was born in the Bavarian town of Würzberg on May 22nd, 1932, eight months before Hitler came to power. He was an illegitimate child and later, when his mother married, he moved with her to the town of Olbernhau. When the boy was ten years old he was drafted into the Hitler Youth. He must have been an extraordinary child, for after two years, at the age of twelve, he left the Nazi group, which he despised.

One year later the Soviets occupied the region. When they established their East German dictatorship, "he refused," as Communist authorities later reported, "to be a member of the FDJ (the Communist Free German Youth succeeding the Hitler Youth); he preferred to renounce the financial aid granted its members to pay their way through school, and chose instead to earn it by menial work." To pay his expenses at high school he had to work in the dread uranium mines of the Soviet-owned GPU-run Wismut A.G. in Marienberg, Saxony, where politically convicted slave laborers and "volunteers" worked under quite inhuman conditions. In June, 1950, he had to join the FDJ in order not to be expelled from school altogether.

His Communist teachers attested before the court that Flade was "very intelligent, with good intellectual abilities," and "much more serious than his classmates. He was quiet, retiring, and never talked much to anybody." But they added—in order to slight him before his Communist judges—that "he was a fanatical Catholic and tried to prove by every means that Catholicism teaches the right doctrines." Evidently an individualist, "he did not attend the Catholic youth meetings."

"His former teachers," the Communist report on Flade continued, "stated that, when politics and sociology were discussed in the classroom, he never used aggressive language, but smiled in a superior and cynical way. It was evident from his attitude that he rejected the [Communist] state. According to his opinion, the only true democracy at all is American democracy."

Thus keeping to himself and refusing to submit to the temptations as well as to the terror of his Communist rulers, he attended his *Oberschule* from which he was to graduate in 1951.

★

ON THE night of October 15, 1950, the high-school boy, who was eighteen now, sneaked through the dark, deserted streets of Olbernhau, a bulgy briefcase under his arm. Every few minutes he stopped at a house-door, a fence, a lamp-

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post, carefully looked to see whether anyone was approaching, then took a crudely printed leaflet from his briefcase, and pasted it on the wall. While he was busy with this work, a man and a woman in the uniform of the *Volkspolizei,* the Communist police force, appeared from one of their ubiquitous hide-aways; as usual, they were heavily armed and accompanied by a vicious police dog. When they tried to arrest Flade, he drew his small pocket knife in self-defense. The People's Policewoman hit him several times over the head with her heavy wooden club, and he slightly wounded her colleague, the People's Policeman Drechsel, in the upper arm and in the back, carefully—with rather incredible care—trying to wound Drechsel without endangering his life.

He managed to escape but was arrested after only two days. Four months later he had to stand trial before the 22nd (Great) Chamber of the Dresden Criminal Court. It seems that his judges were sure that they had broken down the boy and that Flade would now admit his guilt, accuse those who had misled him, and ask the court for forgiveness, in short, that Flade would act as a repentant traitor, for they arranged that the whole trial be transmitted by loudspeakers to the people of the Eastern Zone.

The prosecutor read the accusation. Flade had written and printed on a primitive printing set the leaflets which contained the most treasonable ideas, for instance, that "the fight of the Americans in Korea is a righteous war," that the Oder-Neisse line which cuts off the German Polish-annexed territories "is an unjust frontier," and that the Communist rule "is inhuman." This, the prosecutor said, made Flade guilty of the crime against peace, the crime of reviving Nazism, and the crime of espionage for the Anglo-American imperialists, warmongers and splitters of Germany. In addition, Flade was guilty of attempted murder against a People's Policeman.

"What have you got to say in your defense?" the judge asked Flade. Everybody expected now that the boy would stammer an admission of his crimes and errors, a plea for mercy, and a denunciation of the people who had corrupted him. But with a clear, firm voice, the accused began his speech by saying: "Marxism-Leninism is not the truth. God is the truth."

The loudspeakers went dead. The rest of the trial was held behind closed doors.

★

THE minutes of the trials have now been smuggled out of East Germany, and their authenticity has been ascertained. They outline the picture of a thoughtful boy who became a rebel and a hero.

In a quiet way, without hysteria or hatred, the young defendant explained to his judges why, in five years of watchful silence, he had become more and more antagonistic to the Soviet system. He enumerated "the expropriation of the peasants, the scandalous mistreatment and exploitation of the workers in the uranium mines which he had witnessed, the political dismissals of teachers," and finally—a significant point—"the uncomradely attitude of the Russians toward the Americans to whom they were bound by honor to be deeply grateful for all the help they had received."

So he had fallen hook, line and sinker for the American propaganda? His answer reveals a searching, not at all fanatical mind: "I learned," he said, "to believe only ten per cent of what the Communist radio said, while I believed at least fifty per cent of what the Western radio said."

The judges did not succeed in proving that Flade was just a tool in the hands of sinister hidden forces. What he had done, he insisted, he had done alone; no other people, let alone the "Anglo-American agents" and the "clerico-fascist schemers" of Communist demonology, had helped him in, or even known of, his action. The only people with whom he had close contact in the last five years were his girl friend now sixteen, and a Catholic priest named Lange, who had been expelled from Polish-annexed Upper Silesia and with whom he had many conversations and chess games; but to protect them he had carefully hidden from these friends his decision to print and distribute the leaflets. "Only my parents," he said, "learned, against my will, of my printing the leaflets; I did not discuss with anybody my plan to distribute them. . . . I made the decision myself. I was aware of the fact that it might lead to a very heavy punishment. I was convinced that it was right and just to resist the acts of the Soviet government. It took me five years to arrive at the decision that we have to resist the Communists actively and passively. I had full trust in the righteousness of my cause."

All he admitted before the court was that he "undertook the action perhaps in a somewhat light-handed manner." On one or two points of political fact, which the judge held against him, he conceded that he "might be mistaken." He deeply regretted having wounded the policeman which, as he knew now, was not necessary since he would have been caught at any rate, and which did not further his just cause. But that his cause was just the high-school boy was still deeply convinced when he concluded before his judges: "I was certain that we must resist the Soviet dictatorship actively and passively. I still think so, and I do not regret what I have done."

The court psychiatrist confirmed what a lay observer would gather from these minutes:

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"Flade's attitudes and actions showed psychologically an orderly pattern. His strong inner excitement was compensated by self-controlled good outward behavior. I found no indications of mental disturbances or psychotic experiences in Flade's personality." In short, Flade was a "normal" young man of exceptional courage, firmness and faith.

The Communist court condemned Hermann Joseph Flade to death. After judgment was pronounced, Flade called into the courtroom: *"Die Freiheit ist mir mehr wert als das Leben."* I prefer freedom to life.

★

ALTHOUGH the loudspeakers had been turned off, the courtroom doors locked, and the reporters ordered to forget the scene, Flade's last word was soon known and resounding throughout the Soviet zone of silence. His trial turned into his triumph; his cry for freedom which the Soviets had been able to suppress while it was communicated only by his one hundred and eighty-six leaflets, now reached the millions of Soviet subjects.

The news of his last word, which has the sweeping transport of great poetry, and of his legally scheduled murder could not be stopped at the Iron Curtain. Western Germany was soon stirred up. The students of Berlin's Free University protested publicly against the planned murder by law, and resolved that the "judgment showed the world that there can be no sincere conciliation with the Soviet system of inhumanity. The world can have freedom and justice, and by that, peace only after the Soviet rulers have received from an international court of law their just punishment." The students of other German universities, and many youth organizations followed the Berliners protesting the trial and the sentence. Numerous foreign, including American, groups joined in sending their message to the East German authorities who wanted to murder the boy.

The Soviet rulers proved more sensitive to public opinion than pessimists expected. The reason was that just then they had started a new unity campaign in West Germany, and were trying hard to seduce the West Germans into joining with them rather than to remain under the "yoke of the American warmongers." At the same time, they started their new peace campaign in the Western countries, and tried hard to seduce the Americans into leaving Germany rather than stay side by side with the "German militarists and Nazis." The death sentence and the unfortunate publicity which ensued would, as they discovered, seriously hamper their efforts. One day after the joint protest cable of a number of American organizations was received by the East German authorities, Flade's sentence was commuted to fifteen years of hard labor.

The Soviet German Minister of Justice, Max Fechner, scolded the Dresden judges who were responsible for "the badly mismanaged trial." In a confidential meeting (records of which were smuggled to West Berlin) he criticized the lack of sense of political expediency, and the stupid publicity, of which the judges had made themselves guilty.

★

IN THE same month in which Hermann Joseph Flade stood before his judges, Arno Esch, a student at the University of Rostock, and Peter Uüschel, a student at the Berlin School of Political Science, were sentenced to death by East German Communist courts because they had resisted the Soviet tyrants. In the same month, approximately sixty high-school boys in Jena were arrested and sentenced to 10 and 15 years of hard labor because on January 3rd a stench bomb had been thrown at a meeting celebrating the birthday of Wilhelm Pieck, the East Zone President.

Since Wolfgang Natonek, president of the Leipzig University student council and a "half-Jewish" survivor of the Nazi terror, was arrested by the secret police in 1948 for opposing the Soviet terror, arrests, heavy sentences and disappearances of youthful anti-Communists have continued all over the Zone. Some were guilty only of intellectual crimes such as "objectivism," the attempt of the individual to search for truth on his own—as opposed to blind reliance on the "great truth of Marxism-Leninism." Then there were "cosmopolitanism," or interest in Western science or culture, and "revisionism," or belief that socialism can best be attained by gradual means.

But other young people have carried on a more active fight against the authorities. They have dared to paste handbills on the walls, denounce Soviet informers publicly, aid Soviet victims and establish contact with friends in the West.

The West has paid little attention to this noble, self-sacrificing, spontaneous resistance behind the Iron Curtain. And the West has done shamefully little to deserve the trust which the Eastern resistants put in it. But it is this new generation of post-Nazi youths—to whom the Soviets direct their most fervent appeals—who hold the greatest hope for the West and the cause of the West. If these heroes of the common cause were given more encouragement and aid by the West, the Western gain would, in this writer's opinion, be superior to quite a few new Western infantry divisions. The powerless people of Flade's brave faith who love freedom more than life are the real threat to the Soviet system.

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The Price of Dedication

THERE are union members who are so only in name. They belong to the union because it is the thing to do, or because it seems like good job insurance, or because somebody said it ain't healthy if you don't belong. These are the dead members of the proletarian body. They do not belong to the labor movement; they belong only to the union.

Then there are the members who believe. These are the living members. They give life to the body. Without them a union cannot survive as a union, though it may live on and on as a creature of management, or as the stooge of racketeers or Communists, taking its life from someone outside itself who has captured it, killed its soul and retained only its form in order to promote his own ends.

It is the true unionists, whether they be officials or rank and filers, who make up that labor movement which Francis Downing, quoting Perlman, calls "the enduring hope of American liberalism." In their best moments they display a devotion to the cause which has a religious quality. They are dedicated men.

But why is it that you find so few happy men among them? You don't expect to find them among the dead ones. But the live ones are devoting themselves to something bigger and nobler than themselves. The work is interesting, involving as it does human personality and responsibility. It does not have any of the monotonous quality of work on an assembly line, turning a screw or two for a big and indifferent corporation. In union work a man can impress his personality on the material if he has any personality to impress. It is creative work.

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BUT still you find that many of them give it up in disgust and weariness. Some drop back into the lifeless mass of inactive members. Others, more gifted, slip away into management jobs, taking the easy money and forgetting their old enthusiasms. And this is not hard to understand. The work is grueling, risky and often thankless. Not only are union members short on thanks, but they are long on criticism and abuse. In the midst of petty detail and bickering it is difficult to take the long-range view. A man gains office and honor, and perhaps even gratitude. But these too grow tasteless with much tasting and the realization that success in the labor movement, as elsewhere, is so often a matter of chance and pure push.

In short, life in the labor movement is like life anywhere else. And as such it is a refutation of the romantic theories of those agrarians who talk as though the only thing necessary to make men happy is to give them creative work. Men need more than creative work.

I remember reading in THE COMMONWEAL once a piece by Willis Nutting in which he pointed out that social reformers grow discouraged and disillusioned because they cannot see the results of their reforming. I don't think this is true. Often they do see the results, especially when they are working for a union. They grow discouraged because they see that those results—higher wages, shorter hours, pensions, profit-sharing, better housing, public ownership, co-determination, international peace and prosperity, or whatever it may be—cannot produce the millenium of which they dreamed. If you build him the sweetest little nest in the world, man will still foul it up somehow before you have finished getting your tools together. I don't mean to suggest that such work is useless. Far from it. It is not useless; it is essential, but it is also insufficient.

Mr. Nutting suggested that social reformers should devote more time to training their children. You can see the results, he said. That is true. But who knows if you will like what you see? Few of us are the child-trainers we might be. And even some who are find themselves with children who, in the end, turn against all that they have learned. Such is the terrible gift of freedom that God has given them and which even we, the parents, cannot take away. Not that I mean to disparage this work either. It is as good and necessary a work as any there is, on the human plane.

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A UNION man is not in the business of explaining to his fellow workers that man does not live by bread alone, or by housing alone, or by children alone. Some have tried to do so in a small way by promoting drama groups and classes in English poetry. But mostly they concentrate, and rightly so, on securing that minimum of this world's goods without which, as St. Thomas says, it is difficult to lead the good life. Nevertheless, even the union man should stop now and then to consider exactly what it is that all the shouting and sweat and tears are directed to, in their last end.

"The good life." What does it mean? Even the materialists, even the Communists, talk about the good life. For them it is a mirage, always beckoning and never found. For us it is union with God. For us it is, in one word, contemplation.

Christ said that "the kingdom of God is within you." And the Church has always taught that man can enjoy heaven on earth, at least the taste of it, from time to time. This is the secret of happiness, the ability to see the face of God in the face of His creation, in the face of the children, in the face of the beautiful woman, in the face of the ugly bastard, in the face of the union meeting, in the face of all the accidents and gripes and grievances of life. And not only to see Him, but to join oneself to Him in love and longing, and by so joining to enjoy the beauty and excitement of His own divine life.

This good life, this heaven on earth, is easy to describe

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but it is not easy to live. That is why we need more books on contemplation for the layman. Thomas Merton wrote a fine one for the specialist, the man with plenty of time on his hands, in *Seeds of Contemplation*. But even so, it was not elementary enough. Others have written simpler ones. But I know of none, except perhaps *Mind the Baby* by Mary Perkins, which has been written for the active, married, overloaded working man or woman of the world.

Miss Perkins, alias Mrs. Ryan, knows that the mother of several young children cannot take a half-an-hour out of the day to devote to contemplation. She must meet God on the run, as it were. The man is more fortunate, but not much. The very unusual ones will get up in the early morning, before the world and the children have come to life, or will escape to the parish church. But that takes tremendous will-power, stamina and cunning. The very unusual will wait till the quiet of evening and, exhausted on the couch, fall asleep in the midst of a labored meditation. The usual ones will go along, bored and frustrated as ever, still convinced that contemplation is a thing reserved exclusively for cloistered monks and nuns.

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BUT even some of these will find themselves contemplating in spite of themselves as they strive to love God "with all their heart and with all their mind and with all their soul and with all their strength." The essence of it is simple enough. What we need is more writers, more preachers, who can translate the essence into modern terms, who can show us how to love God in the factories, shops, offices, union halls, homes and streets of this profane industrial world.

JOHN C. CORT.

An Appeal

THE following was received from Holland: "I have the household care of students preparing for the priesthood who, with one exception, all hope to go to the missions. My greatest trouble is with their clothing. I am able to make all kinds of clothes, even for men and boys, since I learned this work from a first-class tailor, and I am glad to do so, in order to help. But here I cannot get material.

"CARE, you know, sends very good woolen materials. In every package there is enough for one man's suit. All the necessary things are added—thread, buttons, lining material, etc. As I am able to make the suits myself there are no further expenses. It would make me very happy if I could spend the long days which are coming again, to work for these students. It would be a great favor for them if I could receive the CARE packages marked 'woolen suiting' for them.

"It is hard for me to be inactive when I am able to help. Conditions here are very bad."

MRS. M. VAN DER TA
44 Weverssingel
Amersfoort,
Holland.

FROM ENGLAND

The Festival of Britain

FOR a long time now the Festival of Britain has been a fruitful source of domestic jokes over here. Some of the jokes are none too friendly towards the undertaking, and others (including one of my own) are hardly suitable for the respectable pages in which I write. And no joke has caused more hilarity than the cold fact of the northern town which is celebrating the Festival by building itself a crematorium. But when all the jokes and criticisms and sneers have been given their weight, it remains that this Festival is a big thing.

Critics may point out the smallness of the South Bank Exhibition in London when compared with the huge area of the Great Exhibition of one hundred years ago—the "Crystal Palace" in Hyde Park. But that exhibition began and ended in Hyde Park: whereas the South Bank show ("bank," by the way, refers to the river Thames) is simply a centerpiece for what is a nationwide enterprise. There are no less than thirty-seven official festival centers, from Inverness in northern Scotland to Plymouth, from Belfast in northern Ireland to the east-coast town of Aldeburgh.

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THE large part accorded to the arts in what one is apt in moments of exasperation to dismiss merely as a man-size commercial advertisement is extremely gratifying. And it is worth remembering that even the South Bank exhibition itself is not a trade-fair, that no industry or business can buy space in it. It is a national shopwindow, selective to a degree never before attempted, whose exhibits are chosen solely for their ability to illustrate British achievements in quality, design and efficiency. We have never let the world forget that Napoleon called us "une nation de boutiquiers," and Samuel Adams informed his audience at Philadelphia, rather unnecessarily, that "a nation of shopkeepers are very seldom so disinterested." The object of a shopwindow — with the associated Christmas-week concerts on the main floor—is to promote sales. But the casual visitor from abroad also will get his money's worth, whether his interest be in industry or music, engineering or painting, agriculture or roundabouts. And there are as well the numberless unofficial local celebrations of many kinds—including the crematorium.

I would like, at this point, to add a footnote to something I wrote here twelve months ago, called "On Being Innocent Abroad." I have the impression that the American abroad is much too innocent, and that in consequence he does not always get all he might out of a visit to my country—and what is, more often than not I suppose,

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his country too, of origin. You will not, I hope, accuse me of vulgar conceit and "British arrogance" if I say frankly that American tourists, more than most tourists over here, are a byword. If they want to rush from place to place—like a fond husband looking for a midwife, as a woman put it—that is their affair. But it is a pity, for they miss so much. And their schedule of places and things is so stereotyped.

London. Well, of course, London—like Rome or Paris or Boston—is a place all on its own. The American visitor who elects to spend most of his time there has my understanding, though not all my sympathy.

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BUT the tracks from London to certain places have been beaten solid by American feet. Stratford-on-Avon, for example. I have been there once, going through in a car, in July. We wanted, not Shakespeare, but tea; and to find a spare table was like looking for a parking place in New York. It is Americans who had made Shakespeare the Stratford industry. One day I hope I shall meet an American who gave it the brush-off, and visited instead the grave of Henry Vaughan in a tiny Usk-side churchyard; or stood above Malvern and ". . . looked to the east, right into the sun," as Langland did before him and had his vision of "a fair field full of folk." It must have been there, if he was at school with the monks of Malvern; for nobody who has seen that great shining prospect in the early light, "in summer when the shaws be sheen," can ever forget it.

There are so many places that don't get bold type in the guidebooks. Places where one can learn that we English are as varied as the face of our land: that nicknames like "Hampshire hog" and "Essex calf" and "Brummagem," "Cousin Jack" from Cornwall and "Geordie" from the Tyne, stand for real differentiations —and that without crossing the border either to Wales or to Scotland. Places to *stay* in for a space, where England and pre-England—the land that gave you your common law and your language and so many of your forefathers—can be experienced, *enjoyed,* and not simply looked at.

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AND that is what I am really getting at. To suggest that the well-known and obvious places be sometimes avoided; that schedules be torn up; that travelling around give place to staying put (not necessarily all the time in one place, of course). England can be better appreciated in microcosm than by sampling tourists' meccas: let "contemplation" have her way for once. Look not for the things that are "like home"—whether it be shiny plumbing or salads or cheap gas. The English food that Dickens tells about is no longer to be had: it has been sacrificed on the altar of industrial progress and empire and all that followed therefrom; and so with other things too. But England, Wales, Scotland is our home; in some sense it is yours too: please take it as you find it.

DONALD ATTWATER.

The Stage

THE KING AND I

RODGERS and Hammerstein seem to me to be marking time with "The King and I." I don't know why these two men, in whose debt we all are, *shouldn't* be allowed to mark a little time, and it is certainly better to have them engaged in active production than sitting around waiting for the special inspiration, and the uncontrollable ebullience, of an "Oklahoma" or a "South Pacific." In addition, they are men of such competence and taste that whatever they touch takes distinction from them, and "The King and I" emerges as a handsome, interesting, and now and then moving evening in the theatre. It does, however, have an air of deliberateness about it, a sense that its virtues are those which real intelligence can provide when real creative excitement is lacking. It suggests not so much a labor of love, as a love of labor; its authors like to work, know how to work, and know how to make their materials work. "The King and I" profits from all of this, without quite achieving a unique or especially memorable life of its own.

I suppose what I miss is an innate enthusiasm and that unpredictable response to a challenge which such enthusiasm generates. In "South Pacific" you know that the authors are going to give you a song about dames, but you are caught off base— and especially delighted—when they find a way to give you one about Bloody Mary. In "Oklahoma" you feel there is going to be a title song, but you cannot anticipate "Poor Jud is Dead." "The King and I," however, is in this sense almost always predictable: a song for Anna with her son, a song for Anna with the schoolchildren, a song for the bewildered king. The songs are there, they are logically placed, and they are of Rodgers quality—"My Lord and Master" and "Something Wonderful" are especially attractive—but the sudden insight, the delightful shock of *unexpected* rightness, is missing.

Where this quality does turn up is in Jerome Robbins' second-act ballet, "The Small House of Uncle Ahomas." Here the choreographer has envisioned "Uncle Tom's Cabin" done in the manner of the Oriental theatre—an unlikely notion, if I ever heard one—and the results are enchanting. Mr. Robbins has established a curious but delectable harmony between an eastern folk method and a western folk content; the juxtaposition is as revealing as it is startling, and it provides what are easily the happiest moments of the show.

Perhaps the trouble with "The King and I"—trouble is much too strong a word—is that, as a venture, it is all too likely. The materials—Margaret Landon's "Anna and the King of Siam"—have already demonstrated their dramatic effectiveness, are by now as secure as they are familiar. For men of Richard Rodgers' and Oscar Hammerstein's skill, little remained to do but trim the book

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and insert the music. This they have done, and the audience is assured of a sound entertainment. If, in caviling, I am falling into the trap of measuring every Rodgers-Hammerstein effort by their best, and asking that they out-challenge themselves with every new effort, it is because they are almost alone in their ability to deal with such challenges, because they are capable of a theatrical vision and a theatrical joy which escapes their imitators and, now that their 1951-52 contribution has been launched, we shall have to be content with their imitators for another two years.

Yul Brynner, as the king, gives a performance of remarkable depth and variety, surely one of the best *acting* performances ever to grace a musical comedy. Gertrude Lawrence is in every way up to the demands of Anna, though Anna, as a part, does not necessarily return the compliment; Miss Lawrence is given no room for the flamboyant mannerism which is her real stock in trade, but must hold the fort for propriety while Mr. Brynner has all the fun. Doretta Morrow makes an appealing Tuptim, Dorothy Sarnoff is particularly effective as Lady Thiang, and Johnny Stewart is fine as the young prince. Jo Mielziner's settings are impressive, and he has lighted them with unusual warmth. (*At the St. James*) WALTER KERR.

Of Note

FROM an article on Henri de Lubac by John Simons in the *Catholic Messenger* (103 Brady Street, Davenport, Iowa):

> Perhaps the most interesting feature of the United States brand of atheistic humanism is its eighteenth century complexion. The *Partisan Review* symposium, "Religion and the Intellectuals" (discussed in *The Messenger* of February 1), reveals that the rationalism of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists is the primary attitude of intellectuals *vis-a-vis* Catholicism. Their critique of Christianity is antiquated, and they entertain, on the whole, a respect for what is vaguely termed the "religious consciousness."
>
> This does not mean, of course, that Catholicism has less to fear in the United States than elsewhere. In the long run it makes little difference whether Christ is violently wrenched from the Cross (as he is in de Lubac's drama) or quietly buried in the night with no news reporter present.
>
> To my mind the most sinister aspect of atheism in America is its retention of the religious consciousness and proposing as its object a thing called "democracy"—a democracy which is "beyond race, creed, and color." The toleration which began as legitimate political expediency is erected into an ultimate goal, a goal demanding a total dedication of emotion and intelligence.

The Screen

NO ISLAND, YOU

HOLLYWOOD goes its merry way with films of violence smarting our eyes with all the brutality that screens can show; but I'm glad to report this week that two of the more violent movies really go out of their way to carry messages of social significance.

At the end of *"Storm Warning,"* Ginger Rogers, as the leading character who sees a group of Klansmen murder a man and then later denies being able to identify any of them at the investigation, finally admits: "I could have done something. I should have." But before Ginger comes to this conclusion, she and her sister have taken some dreadful punishment at the hands of these hooded mobsters.

Director Stuart Heisler has handled the script by Daniel Fuchs and Richard Brooks extremely well. Ginger arrives in this small Southern town, senses something is wrong when the streets are deserted, and then is thrown right into the midst of the turmoil when she witnesses the murder outside the County Jail. The streets were empty because no one wanted to see the killing which practically everyone knew would take place. Still trembling, Ginger finds her sister (Doris Day) and when she meets her brother-in-law (Steve Cochran) she realizes he was one of the men in sheets who killed the reporter from the North. Because her sister is pregnant, because everyone pleads that the name of their fair city will not be blackened, Ginger says that she recognized no one, that she saw only the hooded figures. The county prosecutor (Ronald Reagan) who hoped Ginger's testimony would help him clean up the mob violence that prevails in this town, is crushed. The following scenes that show Ginger and Doris as the victims of the Klansmen, who are seen as sniveling cowards when divested of their hoods, are as vicious and brutal as any movies have ever done.

"Storm Warning" manages to put over its message that citizens have a duty to reveal the truth, but unfortunately the realistic portrayal of the dire events is so strong that one can hardly stand watching the screen. The acting is good throughout; the script is well written; the meaning is made clear when Ginger admits the wrong she has done by not testifying and when the mean and frightened little people run away without their masks and sheets at the finale; but "Storm Warning" almost defeats its own good purpose by carrying realism beyond what audiences can take.

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THAT each man does not live in a vacuum by himself is the point which *"The Sound of Fury"* is trying to put over. While its violence is just as intense as that in "Storm Warning," it is not as successful in putting over its theme. In this case we see how a jobless

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ex-GI (Frank Lovejoy) who brought his family to California after the war, falls into bad company and commits a series of petty holdups. The publisher of the local newspaper hopes to build up circulation by stories on the crime wave, and a columnist (Richard Carlson) gives his all in writing lurid articles. By the time Lovejoy and his leader (Lloyd Bridges) get into serious trouble, when murder results from a kidnaping, the townsfolk are all set to turn out as vigilantes. And when Lovejoy and Bridges are thrown into jail, the people are easily goaded into a fury—neither the sound or sight of which is pleasant. The men in the streets become a hateful crowd who lynch the criminals.

While this film is very effective in stating the responsibilities of writers as leaders in a community and in arguing that we all have an obligation to our fellow men, the movie as a whole is sluggish in trying to tell the story of Lovejoy and why he went wrong. We keep wondering about this man who could not find a job and whose wife and son needed money; we sympathize with him, but we don't understand his falling so readily in line with a psychotic criminal like the man portrayed by Bridges. Furthermore the film fails to make us understand the motives behind the reporter's stories that whip up the people's rage. Cyril Endfield's direction is strangely uneven—slow and talky in the first part of the film, over-violent in the lynching scenes. In the end we wind up feeling lectured at.

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IF YOUR preferences run to a well-made western that makes little attempt to get involved in social significance, you'll find an outstanding example in *"Rawhide."* Expertly directed by Henry Hathaway, this tough movie, confined to a few days at a stagecoach station, shows how escaped criminals take over, bully the people there and get caught up in their own weaknesses. The suspense builds up to a terrifying pitch as Tyrone Power and Susan Hayward try to dig their way out of the room in which they are held captive; but from beginning to end "Rawhide" will hold you with its interesting, well-acted characters, beautiful sets and realistic situations. Villains Hugh Marlowe, Dean Jagger, Jack Elam and George Tobias almost steal the show for being believable as well as despicable.

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THE kind of western that I dislike, in spite of its good scenery, Technicolor, acting and cinematic excitement is *"The Great Missouri Raid."* It tries to make you forget that the James Brothers and the Younger Brothers and their vicious playmates were really killers and symbols of evil. Putting such handsome and likable movie stars as Wendell Corey, Macdonald Carey, Bill Williams and Bruce Bennett in these lead roles is half the trick; the other half is in the script's dishonesty and the director's effort to whip up sympathy for these poor, sad, dreadful crooks. This is the kind of a movie that gives Europeans a distorted impression of Americans; and as a matter of fact, if believed, it also gives Americans a warped impression of Americans. Take it away—Technicolor and all.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Third Way: A New Economics

By WILLIAM F. KENNEDY

MANY people who are in strong sympathy with the group of writers sometimes classified as "distributists" or "decentralists" feel that specific recommendations for economic policy that come from this group are often unreal and impracticable. Two of the main reasons for this are: (1) There has been no scholarly and logical framework that could be called distributist or decentralist into which specific policies over a wide range of social and economic problems could be fitted and explained, and (2) The surge of American economic life has had a power and direction that makes distributist and decentralist policies appear weak and antiquated.

With respect to the first point a good deal that has been lacking for American readers has been made good with the publication in English of Wilhelm Röpke's *The Social Crisis of Our Time*. (*University of Chicago Press*. $3.50). Röpke is a professor of economics at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland.

Another weakness of the distributist approach is that it represents a tradition or a viewpoint rather than an organized school or complete body of social thought. The threads of this tradition run through the work of many writers as far back as the nineteenth century. Ruskin pointed to the ugliness of factories and factory life that capitalism was bringing to England. The distributist tradition is also evident in much of the work of consumers' cooperatives. Also in this tradition is the proposition of Belloc that the institution of private propery is not evil but the improper distribution of property is. The tradition may be described as being largely negative in the sense that, although it provides well-needed criticism of the ugly aspects of capitalism, it does not provide a logical framework of analysis, positive policies and programs that could engage the attention of social scientists in the fields of economics, political science, and sociology.

Although Röpke belongs in this tradition he does not refer to himself as a distributist or decentralist. In seeking a label for his program he settled on The Third Way. Avoidance of the distributist label is wise because to the relatively few who know what it means it recalls a defunct political league in England. Also it is too narrow to embrace the entire decentralist tradition and perhaps a new term, such as "personalist," is needed to

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identify it. Personalist points to the essential nature of this school of thought as revealed in the following quotation from Röpke: "We are thinking of an economic policy which is in one sense conservative and radical in another, equally definite sense: conservative in insisting on the preservation of continuity in cultural and economic development, making the defense of the basic values and principles of a free personality its highest, immutable aim—radical in its diagnosis of the disintegration of our 'liberal' social and economic system, radical in its criticism of the errors of liberal philosophy and practice, radical in its lack of respect for moribund institutions, privileges, ideologies and dogmas, and finally, radical in its unorthodox choice of the means which today seem appropriate for the attainment of the permanent goal of every culture based on the freedom of the individual."

The term "personalist" also has the advantage of providing a distinction from that much-confused term "liberal." Although Röpke is willing to be called a revisionist liberal, he points out that the social reformer of the New Deal or Popular Front type and the old-time liberal often belong to the same world. The social reformer approach is to do nothing radical to eliminate the proletariat but to build up a bureaucracy to alleviate his continued troubles. On the other hand Röpke tells a story of a dogmatic old-time liberal who, on being shown some allotments where workers grew vegetables in their spare time, remarked that it was an irrational form of vegetable production.

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TO UNDERSTAND the second reason why "distributist" or "decentralist" policies seem to be out of keeping with the American scene, we need only consider the nature of American goals. Certain trends of the past fifty years throw a revealing light on our present and prospective goals. The most important is that through technological advances we have raised total output or real income per capita in 1950 to a level about three times that of 1900. It should be noted that this is stated in terms of real goods and services, not money incomes. This statement in no way implies that we are working harder. Rather the contrary is the fact, since the average work-week declined in this period from about sixty to forty hours per week. The true meaning is that we are working more efficiently; output per man-hour was about four times higher in 1950 than in 1900. And finally there is no reason to believe that this rapidly rising trend in technological advance will slow down in the near future. Many economists believe that the next fifty years will see another tripling of real incomes and output, so that if we now speak of an average family income of $3,000 per year, we can speak of an average of $9,000 per family at the same price level at the end of the century.

Will Americans continue to want to follow the upward spiral of such high income? Won't they be satiated at a level of say twice today's average income? It seems to me that the answer is no and that Veblen provided it in his *Theory of the Leisure Class*. These circumstances will provide a fertile field for the finest flowering of conspicuous consumption and we can expect two television sets in every house and two sets in every room for those above average income. The implication of Veblen's thesis is that increases in income increase, rather than decrease, the desire for more income.

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LEAVING aside the question "Would we desire to consume that much?" we can consider instead the question "Would we desire to produce that much?" Since World War II, when we established our position of world leadership through a show of industrial might, there has been a favorable attitude to larger production as an effective diplomatic aid in time of peace and a valuable weapon in time of war.

This idea of economic progress, characterized by ever rising levels of production and income, underlies the American Way in politics. It is the end which obtains assent from all interested groups in the economy, even though their individual actions are often detrimental to its attainment. This idea of progress becomes the standard for testing proposed policies of common interest, and those that do not conform are rejected with the feeling that they sound unreal and impracticable.

Does the Third Way meet this test? To Röpke the ideal economic life is exemplified in the European peasant farmer as found, for example, in Switzerland; the American counterpart of this way of life is the family farm. He would encourage the flow of more people to these farms and he would also encourage the development of more artisans and small traders. It would appear that shifts from machine production to these areas would result in a much less rapid rise in output and incomes than we have attained in the past. His program, then, does not meet the American test of economic progress.

Röpke argues that Western society is sick, seriously sick; and the symptoms are more evident than when he first stated his argument in 1942. Since nothing happens without sufficient cause, it must be possible to arrive at an explanation for this catastrophe, which he proceeds to do with a scholarly analysis of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, showing that in the main we are acting out the bad thinking of the preceding one hundred years.

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OUR disease might be called collectivization. This has developed a process of "proletarization" which has pushed the people of the West into "economic and social dependence, a rootless, tenemented life, where men are strangers to nature and overwhelmed by the dreariness of work." Under this system men have anonymous relations with each other, such as radio listeners and movie-goers, sharing the same impressions with millions of others; and the more tightly they are packed together and the greater their interdependence, the greater is their inner isolation and loneliness. Pseudo-leaders arise because the men in leading positions have not attained detachment from the one-level mass society.

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In a sense this crisis stage of democracy might be termed pre-collectivist but it would be the gravest error to seek refuge in that quarter. The solution "offers battle on two fronts; on the one against collectivism and on the other against that brand of liberalism which developed and influenced most countries during the nineteenth century and which is so much in need of a thorough revision."

This analysis suggests that all is not well beneath the veneer of our "economic progress." If we charge that the Röpke program does not conform to our standard of economic progress, his analysis provides the reply that something is wrong with the standard. The standard that points to rising curves of output and income is inadequate to measure the well-being of the people. Its preconception that high levels of income assure happiness to men is contrary to the evidence he has accumulated. Röpke's observations show that even under these favorable conditions a catastrophe has developed for Western society and misery has come to its workers. Their misfortune is no longer low pay or excessive working hours but the devitalizing effect of the proletarian-industrial way of life and work "which cannot be improved upon either by higher wages or by bigger cinemas."

Röpke does not advocate the extremist views of some of those associated with the distributist or decentralist tradition, who would smash the machinery and go back to the land with hand looms and horse agriculture. He points out that the industrial revolution resulted in a tremendous upsurge in population and the needs of the population thus called into being dictate that we preserve large parts of our machine technology. His basic economic policy is the preservation of competition, and those who find little enthusiasm for this "old" policy will do well to consider his rather lengthy treatment of the subject and his warning that "if competition has chastized us with whips, the collectivist state will chastize us with scorpions." His competition admits of what he calls compatible interventions, for example, taxation for redistribution of incomes or for public housing. This competitive policy also involves limitations on size in business and drastic action against concentrations of economic power.

★

RÖPKE steps beyond traditional views in his strong advocacy of de-centralized and de-urbanized industry but even here he raises a caution that this cannot be done if it results in a noticeable decline in output. However, he believes the efficiency of large-scale enterprise has been over-stated and that if a start is made on his program its advantages will become evident.

The Third Way can be initiated without damage to our high levels of output and income won by machine technology, but it cannot assure the same rate of growth we enjoyed in the past. If we wish to continue these trends and triple our incomes by 1984, we may see the grim picture George Orwell painted. The aim of the Third Way is to assure that men will have freedom and dignity, as well as a large measure of economic well-being on that date.

The Exterior Life

By ED WILLOCK

I CAN remember about ten years ago reading a column about "False Prophets" in a diocesan newspaper. The author had become suddenly apocalyptic and urged the faithful to serpentine wisdom concerning such latter-day phenomena as Dorothy Day and company. It struck me then as it has many times since that the most unlikely candidate for false prophecy would be someone like D. D., especially today. Anyone who chooses to prophesy falsely in terms of grace, heaven, sanctity, poverty and detachment, just couldn't do much more harm today than railroading into schism a handful of Catholics and a few boys and girls from the local "Y." Though they were deluged with a ton of transcendental falsities, the rank and file would remain unmoved—and —to use the term loosely—loyal. Transcendental things, sad to say, just don't matter that much to many people. Only matter matters.

Needless to say I have been on the lookout for false prophets ever since, and now I think I have the genuine article. It strikes me that a false prophet in this generation would give the people what they wanted. He would be a man with senses so attuned to homo-consumer's every hunger pang that all his symbols would be fraught with attractive insignificance. This man would give birth to an irrational poetry without subjects or predicates satisfying only to the eye with the mind closed shut. His appeal to the credulous would not be doctrinal but sensible. What he would leave as promises would not be ideas but phantasms. His power would not be heralded by angels but by a legion of robots. He would be at home in this world. Above all, he would be a very likable guy.

★

MY CANDIDATE is Raymond Loewy, whom all of you know and few of you have heard about. If you can recall the day not too distant when soda-fountain chairs looked like inverted wire baskets, and cast-iron stoves were covered with sculptured curlicues, and locomotives were grotesque, disgruntled monsters, and if you wonder how they were displaced by sleek and nervous globules of plastic metal with never an edge or a flatness about them, then you know Mr. Loewy in all his works and pomps. It was from his drawing board that the industrial designs were born which are now the symbols of enlightened industrialism the world over.

In his book of revelations now on the market, called *Never Leave Well Enough Alone,* (*Simon and Schuster.* $5.) Mr. Loewy displays himself as the modern prophet

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ED WILLOCK is a co-editor of Integrity.

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of the exterior life. He has designed the outer casing of lipsticks, Gimbels (inside and out), super-markets, Penn Railroad Locomotives, the Lucky Strike package, electric razors, Sears & Roebuck appliances, the Chrysler car.

The biography is precious, there's no other word for it. Mr. Loewy has stern and succulent ideas about food. He likes above all to be surrounded by women who exhibit the same sleek sterile functionalism (a biological not maternal functionalism) with which he endows his machines. He has functional motor boats, functional sunken pools, functional penthouses, and functional secretaries, all functional, that is, as, of and before the fact of R. L. His one aim in not leaving well enough alone is to make all things perfect as their heavenly papa is perfect. He even lopped our good friend and his, Lecomte du Noüy, down to a simple and functional size by abstracting, after much friendly conversation with this brilliant mind, this pearl of wisdom, viz. "one can lead a life of elegance and sophistication without running the risk of being tagged as affected, effiminate, or perverse."

One of his memorable "experiences" somewhat reminiscent of Pascal's "conversions" in the spiritual order, came on an evening spent with a top-notch manufacturer. After their coffee and cigars they drove through the lovely night to a hilltop which overlooked the brightly lighted factory. Two figures on a hilltop, one showing the other the glories of the world. Mr. Loewy was filled with a sense of awe at (somebody's) greatness, and they went down to watch the happy carefree assemblymen driving off into the night with their tanned cheeks and simonized bodies. There wasn't a bit of this stuff about "bodily labor . . . has everywhere been changed into an instrument of strange perversion: for dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded." (Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno.*)

★

I TIMIDLY present the hypothesis that Mr. Loewy gives us evidence of what can be accomplished in a monumental way when the energies of an entire race of people are seriously occupied with superficialities undeterred by things that are primary. It is a tribute to the Creator that when one faculty of man, his imagination, is fed to a grotesqueness at the expense of his other faculties, the results are so breathtaking that we can all line up on the curb and let our mouths gape wide in admiration. R. L. is most profoundly an effect, not a cause.

I should like to conclude with a question for those who take aesthetics seriously: Which kind of motor car is more aesthetically designed, the kind of motor car with towering seat, bulging eyes, and visibly darting tongues of fire which sent our elders scampering in terror of their lives, or the kind that looks so glorious and lovely that some 50,000 people each year just can't bring themselves to get out of its way? In other words, applying the rules of aesthetic sincerity, should a monster look like a monster, or should it look—well, the way Mr. Loewy makes it look?

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Books

The Villa Diana. Alan Moorehead. Scribner's. $2.50.

IN THIS collection of articles, most of which first appeared in *The New Yorker,* Alan Moorehead has described the Italy of the Holy Year in a way that is as casual and deft as a *New Yorker* Profile. Whatever aspect of Italy he comments on —the tempo of Florentine life, the story of the Sicilian bandit, Giuliano, the reconstruction of Monte Cassino —the articles come out in a smooth, polished pattern. A situation is elongated into a narrative, the narrative broken by what appears to be almost gossipy rambling, and both narrative and asides are gradually and neatly intertwined. The whole thing has an informal, chatty tone, like that of a college instructor studiously avoiding all pedantic earnestness, discussing in close succession the merits of girls in general and the meaning of Kirkegaard's "angst." Rather difficult in one paragraph to speak of the eccentricities of Florentine gardeners and in the next to give a keen judgment on Renaissance art, but Mr. Moorehead does it, and does it superbly.

Curiously enough, this account of Italy, so different in outlook and intent from last year's best travel book, Sean O'Faolain's *A Summer in Italy,* at times shows surprising points of resemblance to that work. Both authors feel very much at home in the part of Italy which stops at Rome—Florence, Siena, Rome, Venice. (Mr. Moorehead lived in the Villa Diana on the outskirts of Florence.) Both are sharply aware of the peculiar sense of death hovering over Venice. Both are more interested in the poor than in the middle or upper class, about which no kind word has been spoken since the end of the war.

Mr. Moorehead's principal interest, the de-romanticizing of Italy, goes hand in hand with his study of just what makes up that peculiar resignation of Italians, not only to the evil in politics, but to things in general. That resignation is not apathy. It does not stop them, for example, from being equally effusive over modern plumbing and modern blondes. Nor can it destroy the sense of shame some Italians feel when they recognize themselves as curators of a museum. This healthy disgust, Mr. Moorehead has observed, often becomes bitter and impotent when the Italian compares his inactivity with the notorious drive of the American.

Except for the section on the Communists, which must be partly revised in the light of recent deviationist trends, the articles are not dated. The last article and the longest, a Profile of Poliziano, the great humanist poet of the sixteenth century, is the weakest, since it is only a pleasantly told story of the man. Regrettably, the life of any artist is of interest mostly for the light it throws upon his art. The rest is for the newspapers and graduate schools. But this is of small importance in a work of reportage which will not be easily surpassed this year.

SERGE HUGHES.

Willa Cather: A Critical Introduction. David Daiches. Cornell University Press. $2.75.
The World of Willa Cather. Mildred R. Bennett. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

WILLA CATHER at the University of Nebraska studied what she liked, refused to attend classes that bored her, and drew from some of the English professors the prediction that her awkward independence would get her precisely nowhere. How far her personal and passionately held convictions brought her is the burden of these two excellent books. The need for a full-length biography is not yet filled, but a long step has been taken toward full critical and biographical definition.

The charm of Mr. Daiches' book is his sweet Scottish reasonableness. In his discussion of character and motive and the proportions of structure, the premises are not in some inaccessible critical fastness but in open view. Miss Cather wrote sparingly about the ideals of her craft, and Daiches quotes her in a number of instances so that his judgments can be made in the light of the author's intentions. Most apposite is a paragraph which Willa Cather wrote on the art of fiction in 1920: "Art, it seems to me, should simplify. That, indeed, is very nearly the whole of the higher artistic process; finding what conventions of form and detail one can do without and yet preserve the spirit of the whole—so that all that one has suppressed and cut away is there to the reader's consciousness as much as if it were in type on the page."

This is the novel *démeublé*—unfurnished — which she defended against the unselective garrulousness of naturalism. It is art as opposed to reportage, and it is Miss Cather's triumph (like Debussy's in music) that she could achieve such a rich and suggestive texture by leaving so much unsaid.

MRS. BENNETT was well-advised to take the cash of surfaces and let the credit of divination go. Her book is an *omnium-gatherum* of photographs and reminiscences of the childhood of Miss Cather, with numerous confident identifications of the fictional characters with friends and neighbors in Red Cloud, Nebraska. The early portion of the book has some tedious pages, but the final chapters will be read with growing excitement, for here Miss Cather is allowed to speak for herself. With an authority that was lacking in the opening chapters, Mrs. Bennett marshals quotations and correlates them with the reminiscences of friends. *The World of Willa Cather* is a book which had to be written now or not at all, and only a writer like Mrs. Bennett, with her woman's perseverance and affectionate curiosity, could do it. It is more valuable in its way than David Daiches' more urbane and profound book, which

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could be written by a hundred others, at any time in the future: the books will be there.

FRANCIS SWEENEY.

The Short Story. Sean O'Faolain. Devin-Adair. $3.75.

IN HIS foreword, which is also a forewarning, Sean O'Faolain writes: "If the short story is a Will o' the Wisp chased hopefully, and generally in vain . . . it is almost wholly because of the theory that anybody might write. One result is that far too many short stories are being published. Personality does not work as often as all that; the technique works, that is all, like a good sewing machine."

The short story, he goes on, is not a form to be attempted "lightly or often," and if all this tends to discourage would-be writers, he does not regret it.

What is immediately apparent is that Mr. O'Faolain and the editors of, say, *The Writer's Digest,* hardly see eye to eye. Mr. O'Faolain takes his art and his craft seriously, a practice that is probably looked on with some suspicion by the "write-for-profit" school, whose one main intention seems to be to promote to the hilt every would-be writer who dares raise his head and who has, incidentally, the price of a dozen lessons on how to write.

But Mr. O'Faolain, as one might imagine, has the stronger and the better tradition behind him. And if the present volume seems in any way to be an attack on the short story, it must be rememberd that it is an attack only on its vulgarization. The short story, as an art form, is ably defended.

O'Faolain moves with ease among the writers who have given us the tradition, and those who continue to add to it. He presents close examinations of the thought and work of three of the masters: Alphonse Daudet, Anton Chekov and Guy de Maupassant. He includes representative stories by each of these three, as well as stories by Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James (but of another James story, *The Beast in the Jungle,* he says: "If there ever was a waste of words here is utter squander"), Frank O'Connor, Elizabeth Bowen and Ernest Hemingway. And scattered throughout the book are appreciations of, among others, Joyce, Flaubert, Hardy, Balzac, Yeats, AE, "that assassin Zola," Turgenev, Tolstoy, Mauriac, Maugham, O. Henry, Saroyan.

The tradition of the short story is being upheld mainly by the Irish and the Americans today, thinks O'Faolain, with the English lagging behind.

"The Americans and the Irish do seem to write better stories," he notes. And then: "Why America should produce interesting personalities in the short story I simply do not understand. . . . The fact is that it does produces them. It is plain enough why Ireland does."

O'Faolain gives us also four chapters devoted to what he calls "The Technical Struggle." (He is not set against technique; he just does not believe it is all, or even the more important part of writing. Consider "personal voltage" for instance.) His chapters on Convention, Subject, Construction and Language are far from humdrum; they are worth the time of either writer or reader. The writer can profit by seeing these things in their right perspective; the reader may profit by attaining a more critical and discerning eye.

JOHN A. LYNCH.

The Soviets in World Affairs: A History of the Relations Between the Soviet Union and the Rest of the World, 1917-1929. *Louis Fischer. Princeton. 2 volumes.* $10.

THE Princeton University Press has done a valuable service to students of the Soviet Union by reprinting without changes, twenty-one years after its original publication, Louis Fischer's famous work *The Soviets in World Affairs.* In writing this book Mr. Fischer had the benefit of long and frank talks with high Soviet officials and was granted access to documents which have never been seen by any other outsider. Mr. Fischer's attitude toward his subject at that time was friendly, though by no means uncritical. At the time of the Purge Trials of 1936-8 he experienced a change of heart, and he has since become a leading critic of Soviet policies. As he says in his remarkable introduction to the new edition: "The pro-Soviet sympathies which I held when I wrote these volumes are inevitably reflected in them. Yet the prejudice was in part a justifiable reaction to the illegal interference and military intervention and the stubborn antagonism of the outside world which the Soviet regime, animated by the dream of a better life, encountered in its early years. In this period, the Bolshevik government did seek peace and did adhere to its principles to the extent of relinquishing territories and foreign concessions acquired imperialistically by the deposed monarchy. That these territories and concessions have been retaken by the Kremlin only emphasizes the difference between the phase of renunciation and the later orgy of grab."

This work, which has long been out of print, deserves renewed study on the occasion of its republication. Its worth may be judged from the fact that Max Beloff, in writing his own recently published history of Soviet foreign policy, chose to begin with the year 1930 and made no attempt to do over again what Mr. Fischer had already done so competently.

HAROLD C. HINTON.

The Reformation In England. Vol. 1: The King's Proceedings. Philip Hughes. Macmillan. $6.

READERS of Father Philip Hughes' three volumes, *History of the Church,* have waited impatiently for *The Reformation In England.* They will not be disappointed with the first volume, for here is a dispassionate and fully documented account of that dismal event in which no one can take any legitimate satisfaction, except perhaps in the thought that had the Catholic Church not

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been under Divine Protection it would have surely foundered in the sixteenth century. A generation ago the reader of such a book as this would have felt complacently, "how strange, how remote!" Today the reaction is rather "how modern, how familiar!" Few of the chief persons in the drama show up well, except the two Saints—Thomas More and John Fisher—the Carthusian martyrs and Queen Catherine.

But the Reformation was a complex event, and Father Hughes begins with a survey of social conditions—a general picture of life in England in the period after the civil wars—which will be valuable for an understanding of matters other than religious. England and Europe were passing through a vast social and economic upheaval which was reaching a crisis. The Church in England was itself an essential part of the State, for the chief civil servants were churchmen who had been promoted for their solid administrative ability. This system had unhappy results for it meant that since a bishopric (and its emoluments) was the reward for service to the State, Bishops were more concerned with the administration of Government Departments than with shepherding souls. The system was symbolized at its worst in the most magnificent of all English churchmen, Thomas Cardinal Wolsey, a man of boundless ambition, power, wealth and greed, holder of four bishoprics which he never visited, perpetual Papal Legate (and so in the eyes of Englishmen the visible Pope in England). Small wonder if the discontented failed to distinguish between the proud prelate and the Church which he so overbearingly and ostentatiously claimed to represent.

As for the secular clergy, there were far too many for a little country of three and a half million souls: 8,000 parish priests, with perhaps another 2,000 to 3,000 employed as private chaplains, or to sing Masses for the dead, or even without any benefice at all. Most of them were men of little education, without any training for the priesthood; and some were even men of evil life taking advantage of the protection from the civil law granted to clerics. Moreover, as Father Hughes acutely observes, although the laity were often persons of great devotion, they were ill-educated in the fundamentals of theology so that when confronted with the attacks of the reformers against the doctrines of the Faith, they lacked the knowledge to resist and refute.

Nevertheless England might still have remained a Catholic country—for there was no love for the reformers or their doctrines—had not Henry VIII quarrelled with the Pope in his attempt to have his first marriage annulled. Father Hughes tells that sordid story well, with much close-packed fact and without any attempt to color the issue with picturesque portraiture; and yet the leading characters, even apart from the bloated king, were magnificently theatrical, in their lives and deaths.

DETAILS of the "divorce" are intricate and all concerned changed their ground several times during the long proceedings. It was unfortunate that the Pope was an appeaser, who hoped to put off a final decision which could never have been in doubt; but the King, in spite of his early protestations, was Catholic only in so far as the Church was willing to endorse his own desires. When finally he realized that he could not have his way within the Church, like many a self-willed Catholic since, he broke away; but being King and tyrant, he was then able to declare himself Supreme Head of the Church in England; and such was the state of the hierarchy that there was hardly a protest.

Having broken with Rome, Henry VIII was now final arbiter of the doctrine and the destiny of the Anglican Church. The dissolution of the monasteries followed and the theft of their great wealth. Again Father Hughes shows the fairness of his judgment: There were too many English monasteries and many of the houses were so undermanned that the divine offices could not be adequately performed. Nor does he conceal the scandals, which were less than might be expected in such times;

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and he reminds us that history written solely from the complaints presented at an official visitation is lopsided.

After liquidating the monasteries, Henry proceeded to lay down a synopsis of belief in Ten Articles emanating from his own will as Supreme Head of the Church in England. These articles in themselves demanded no utterly drastic changes, especially as the doctrines concerning the Mass were not included; yet those who were eager for reform took great encouragement that a start had been made. The worst fury of the reformers was still to come, when the old tyrant was succeeded by his sickly son, a boy of nine; but that story is reserved for the second volume.

The parallels are close between the times of Henry VIII and events in those modern countries where the doctrines and practice of the Church are inconvenient to the will of the dictator. Readers of Father Hughes' book will note them with mixed feelings. It underlines the fundamental principle that without the Papacy the Church at once ceases to be Catholic, but it shows also that for the educated Catholic more is needed than simple piety. In the English-speaking countries the situation nowadays has been reversed. Reform was badly needed in the days of Henry VIII—but not the "Reformation!" Today the descendants of the reformers, though still in great majority, are also in great chaos and confusion of belief. The times are again ripe for another reformation—the Great Return.

G. B. HARRISON.

Eugenio Pacelli: Pope of Peace. Oscar Halecki. Creative Age. $3.50.

COMMUNIST propaganda at frequent intervals castigates Pius XII as a warmonger. The complete falsity of these slanders is established by Oscar Halecki's timely new book. Not a conventional biography nor a history of the Church during the present pontificate, it limits itself to a popular presentation of Pius XII's strivings to promote peace.

Dr. Halecki has read widely in the voluminous writings of Pius XII and has investigated all the diplomatic records now available. He carries his learning lightly; there is not a footnote in the book, yet it has the authentic ring of conscientious scholarship. Scholars, no doubt, will be disappointed that the author does not identify more carefully the papal statements and other sources which he quotes; but if this book succeeds in awakening American readers to the wisdom of papal thinking on international problems, it will have achieved its purpose.

Divine Providence admirably prepared Cardinal Pacelli for the tremendous responsibilities which he inherited from Pius XI. International tension was at the breaking point when Pius XII ascended Peter's throne. He devoted his time and his talents to find a solution for the war which seemed so imminent. He wrote, spoke, pleaded, prayed for peace. Halecki's researches into the diplomatic sources enable him to reveal for the first time how the Pope

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proposed the calling of an international conference to solve the boundary disputes between Germany and Poland, Italy and France. These efforts failed and the author offers good reasons why the failure can be largely attributed to the fact that there was no coordination between Vatican and American peace endeavors at this crucial period.

Acutely aware of this serious defect in American diplomacy, President Roosevelt appointed Myron Taylor to be his personal ambassador to Pius XII. The value of this appointment for our peace program is revealed time and again in this book. Until recently Taylor continued to represent President Truman. The question of American representation at the Vatican is still the subject of lively discussion, but no unprejudiced citizen can read this account without concluding that our State Department would benefit inestimably from a permanent embassy at the Holy See.

As soon as Germany attacked Russia in 1941, both Germany and Italy tried to persuade Pius XII to bless their war as a crusade against Communism. The papal position on Communism was clear at all times. Atheistic and totalitarian Communism was unequivocally condemned. But Communist totalitarianism was not to be defeated by blessing its Fascist or Nazi counterparts. When the tide turned in Russia's favor after the Battle of Stalingrad, the Pope could not be induced to lend his approval to Soviet Communism. He was never deceived, as were Roosevelt and Churchill.

In order to appease Soviet Russia the victorious nations did not invite Pius XII to the peace negotiations despite masterful elucidations of the Christian principles for a just and lasting peace. Nothwithstanding this disregard, he gave his support to the United Nations, "the only part of the peace settlement which corresponded, at least in principle, to his own otherwise so badly disregarded peace program." He has also manifested his abiding interest in the Atlantic Union and the prospects of a European Federation.

HARRY C. KOENIG.

• REVIEWERS •

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A Point of View IV

Duty and Detachment

THE contradiction between civil duty and detachment from the world is only a superficial one. Our God is love. The Christian's share in the life of the City should be nothing less than the expansion of his love. But how seldom is this true fundamentally! How often do we deceive ourselves by making out that our political creeds and sociological ideas are the outcome of our faith. For most of us, the reasons for our political forays come from elsewhere: traditions, prejudices, racial antipathies.

These all make for a bias from which the best Christians are not always able to detach themselves, and are adept at covering up with all sorts of edifying excuses. There is also the trick some Christians have, of making politics subscribe to Holy Scripture.

As Leon Bloy says, the righteous will find the most ingenious reasons for resigning themselves to the reprobation of three-quarters of the human race.

Then there is that kind of idolatry peculiar to left-wing Christians. They tend to identify the fortunes of truth in this world with those of their party; they superimpose in some way upon revealed truth another dogma of the temporal order, the claims of which they take upon themselves and which, I feel, they would not sacrifice for anything in the world.

FRANCOIS MAURIAC in The Commonweal, February 3, 1950.

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